

THE MANIFESTO

JULY, 1899.

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Books & Papers.

THE OUTLOOK publishes annually in June a special illustrated issue called its "Recreation Number." This year the eleventh of these numbers appears. As usual, it is devoted chiefly to out-of-door topics, and includes many illustrated articles of seasonable interest. The *Golfing Woman*; by Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen, is a warm plea for golf as, above all other games, a sport in which women can play on a plane of real competition with men, because of the handicap possibilities. There are portraits of Miss Hoyt, Miss Griscom, and other famous women players, and several picturesque golfing scenes. The "America's" Cup Race for 1899 is treated by Mr. W. J. Henderson, probably the best yachting writer in the country. Four full-page pictures of famous yachts (including one of this year's defender, the "Columbia") and of famous yacht races give the magazine a breezy, seagoing atmosphere. A cheerful article on *A New England Country Road*; by Professor Bailey, of Cornell, is beautified by a dozen or more really remarkable photographs of typical New England scenes taken by Mr. J. Horace McFarland. A charming and humorous story of Canadian life by Macdonald Oxley, several summer poems, an excellent article of suggestions for foreign travel, and other features, make up a magazine fresh with vacation flavor and attractive to the eye. The cover design, by Mr. Harold Brown, is in close keeping with the character of the number. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.)

In Mrs. Burton Harrison's new serial, *The Circle of a Century*, which is to begin in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of June 10, the author deals with two periods of society life in New York City, separated by the lapse of a century, but linked together by the kinship of the characters. Part I pictures New York at the close of the Revolution, and shows the humble beginnings of a family which has since become immensely wealthy, and the departing splendors of their aristocratic neighbors. In Part II the scene is shifted to the New York of to-day, and the story follows the fortunes of the new generation of Hopes and Warriners. Each part is a complete novelle. Always in her element when writing on society themes, Mrs. Harrison has outdone herself in *The Circle of a Century*, and has produced a romance of absorbing interest.

WORD AND WORK for June, 1899 is at hand. It contains articles embracing religion, philanthropy, biography, home and foreign missions, science and even the story for children is not missing. Mr. H. L. Hastings has an interesting contribution which is good advice in "The Choice of Food." Published monthly by "Christian Worker's Union," S. G. Otis, Supt. Springfield, Mass. 5 cts. a copy, 50 cts. a year.

It is far less easy to get to the President of Hayti than to Mr. McKinley of the White House. The pavilion-like palace in the Champ de Mars, surrounded by its little park, enclosed by a tall iron grating, with lookout boxes at the angles, a large and strong military barrack at the rear, and field cannon posted here and there, could stand a considerable siege, and, with a faithful garrison, would be proof against almost any mob attack. There is no end of etiquette involved in the approach to Son Excellence. Yet I was favored with fortunate opportunities for seeing Mr. Simon Sam. Tall and massive, with an immense paunch, and features and hue that are typically African, as you gaze at him in his sumptuous uniform gorgeous with gold lace and a brilliant silk scarf, you can not help picturing to your mind's eye his hypothetical appearance as a mid-African chief with huge feathers in his topknot, only a rattle-headed clout about his loins, a nail-studded war club in one hand and about him a band of dusky savages more naked than himself, instead of these strutting gentlemen in tall hats and European clothes, and these other prancing gentlemen in gaudy trappings with tinkling spurs and jingling swords. President Sam, however, is not, as it appears thus far, a man to be personally feared. His selection was a compromise, and he is only the figurehead of the present oligarchs, posing as a moderate statesman, while in truth he is only a rather dense-brained, slow-witted and lethargic old soldier. It is understood that in state affairs he is almost wholly guided by his ministers, of whom Brutus St. Victor, in charge of the foreign department, and Tancrede Auguste, of the department of the interior, are probably the ablest.—*Reuben Briggs Davenport, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June.*

The *June Ladies' Home Journal* reaches the top notch of excellence in both its pictorial and literary features. It opens with a page drawing of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and gives a group of pictures showing some "Fetes of College Girls." An interesting description is given of "The Creole Girl of New Orleans," and "Housekeeping on an Ocean Steamship" is graphically portrayed. "How a Young Man Can Work His Way Through College" has a practical value for every poor boy ambitious for higher education, and "Telling the Character from Handwriting" is interesting and entertaining. Bishop, priest, rabbi and minister contribute to a symposium on "What is the Good of Going to Church?" and the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., discusses "Pains that Polish Perfection."

The fiction of the *June Journal* includes the second installment of Anthony Hope's "Captain Dieppe," Sophie Swett's story, "The Revolt of Sar' Abby Quint," the first of "Ol Peckham's Opinions," and four chapters of "A College Courtship." There are two new departments: "Five-Minute Talks on Good Health," by expert physical educators, and a boys' page, to which Dan Beard contributes

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX.

JULY, 1899.

No 7.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

GOD'S PROMISES.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

THE promises of God as illustrated in the Scriptures are beautiful reminders of our home in the new and spiritual Jerusalem which the Revelator saw coming down from heaven to dwell among men. Those promises are for encouragement to those who will accept them in God's name.

"If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments, All these blessings shall come on thee." "I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil." "I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle." "The land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt possess it and dwell therein."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee."

From an early age mankind have been known in the religious order, as the obedient or the disobedient. One class has been subject to law, while the other has assumed an independent course. One class has been called the sons of God, and the other the sons of Belial. They have walked the journey of life, and ascended or descended with the influences around them, whether they were of a religious or worldly character. It was very much like the growing together of the good and evil plants unto the day of harvest.

From the world God calls a nation, and he calls them "My people." They

become an especial order under the protection of divine Providence. Laws are framed, rules are given, and everything pertaining to a life on the earth is brought under divine inspection. God leads them on their journeys, protects them from their enemies, opens a passage through the sea for their escape, feeds them with miraculous food and gives to them an inheritance in the fruitful land of Canaan.

God gives them this promise, "I will bless thee in basket and in store. I will take from thee all sickness and all the diseases of the Egyptians." Those who have read the history of this people can see how successfully this was accomplished, and their prosperity was like the prosperity of all who follow the law of truth and right.

God's laws are imperative, and a careful regard for them insures prosperity. No transgression can pass unnoticed. The Psalmist has said, and that very wisely—"Though hand joined in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished." So long as the Jewish nation made the Mosaic Law their line of life, they were in every respect a prosperous nation. The law of human kindness was enforced, which made them largely a nation of brethren. Sickness was rare among them, and the physicians were at a discount. The same rule followed the king in his palace and the peasant in his cottage. It was God's law and he is no respecter of persons. "All these blessings shall come upon thee! for I have put my words in thy mouth and I have covered thee in the shadow of my hand."

The spirit of the New Testament is the voice of advanced experience. It is God's law and demands the same implicit obedience. Jesus informed his disciples of this important fact. "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." The laws of our spiritual well-being are equally essential for our peace. "There shall in no wise enter into it [the New Jerusalem] anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie."

Jesus, to sum up the whole matter, says, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Then follows the divine promise of an hundred fold of blessings in this world, and in the world to come, eternal life. God has given to us, light, and truth, and hope. Shall we not as faithful servants work for God, and for that testimony which is to save the world from sin?

God has given to us our home as an inheritance and our prosperity and happiness depend wholly upon the obedience which we render to the light and truth which is made manifest to our souls.

East Canterbury, N. H.

WE should live in the present, vitally, nobly, courageously; commune with the past, soberly, wisely sincerely; plan for the future thoughtfully, hopefully, broadly. Let the past be a teacher of the present, and the present an instructor to the great untried future.—*M. E. H.*

WHY NOT THINK!

By Joseph A. Wilson.

IN these latter days, when nervous energy is pushed to its fullest extent along commercial and governmental lines, when theology is straining its utmost to reconcile theory with fact, when accumulated wealth on the one hand laughs arrogantly at the humble petitions of the poor, there is still abroad in the land, in an increased measure, the same thoughtless, unthinking spirit that has ever been a curse to humanity.

As a rule, people are well enough read; in musty book lore, they are well enough equipped; in current topics they are sufficiently versed; of all the effects that exist, they know enough,—but the sad feature of it all lies in their careless indifference to the causes that produce the effects—to their lack of serious, thoughtful investigation of the results that are extant. The world, in its general sense, is wise enough, but it does not think enough. Generally speaking you can interest a person in a result, but it is difficult to induce him to investigate the cause—and it has ever been thus. The world, at large has ever declined to indulge in serious thought until driven to the last extremity.

History discloses numerous instances, indeed, it is the same old story, oft recurring, France suffered the debauches, extravagances and outrages of the Aristocracy until hunger and want of the barest necessities of life induced a thoughtful investigation into existing circumstances; and then as a result, a revolt followed with a long step toward freedom as an end. And so it is, the world over, every day,—even to-day. People suffer want and misery, because they fail to think. There is scarcely a day that the great newspapers do not chronicle the self-destruction of some despondent, unthinking person, who is out of joint with life and has no interest in things mundane. A rapid career,—a drunken debauch,—loss of friends, despondency, self-destruction are all links in the same chain,—all means to the same end. It is the old story too often repeated.

To those who can be induced to think earth offers a charm, and life has its victories. To those who can spare time to make thoughtful study, there is still in store for them a "balm in Gilead," even in these latter days of strife, unrest and increasing want. To those who can spare time to investigate, there is still a pure, healthy home life open to them, where peace and plenty exist, where honest, conscientious brotherhood and sisterhood abound, and all is in tune with nature.

Such a life as this is a living, existing fact among the Believers whose clean theology is a source of comfort to its followers. If society can be brought to think seriously of the inwardness of this true life, then, surely, we shall be numbered as the grass. But, can society,—the world,—be induced to think? Must dire disaster, as ever, be the medium to the end? Must still an empty stomach and a depleted wardrobe induce thought? Must

still a crisis prompt action? We hope not. In this life of ours, removed from public haunts, we can follow the true path,—the ideal life,—the divine end, and this life is open to the world,—to all. To the interested we would say,—“come,”—to the indifferent,—“*Why not think!*”

White Water, Ohio.

SOLILOQUY.

By Asenath C. Stickney.

A H! Here comes the May MANIFESTO, full of good thoughts and hopeful aspirations, I presume.

It being the month of May, when all Nature is robed in a new dress, methinks one might liken these pages to a series of newly prepared gardens, wherein to enter and select rare plants for transference. So, on the first page in fancy I discover a large unwall'd garden, where one can roam at liberty, it seems, since no scare-crows are present to caw their displeasure—no by-laws confront us like the following: “Don’t pluck this blossom,” or “This specimen is reserved for seed” or “Keep off the grass,” &c.

Soon by continuing my walk, I am attracted to a beautiful perennial blossoming right in my path. Its ancestry dates back to nearly nineteen hundred years!—yet it seems as fresh as a lovely arbutus sparkling with dew and this is the language of its pure petals, viz:—“Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid in Christ Jesus.”

A little farther on, one meets a veritable “Immortelle” in character which bears upon its surface this: “Love your enemies, and pray for those that despitefully use you.”

A few steps more bring us to another of similar character—“Verily, unless a man forsake all that he hath, he can not be my disciple.” Who will not say that such are plants of the Heavenly Father’s planting! Although pleased with my selections, I am glad to know that I have not robbed the owner of this garden.

On this page I find a little garden plot fragrant with the balm of consolation emphasizing this truth: “The Lord reveals his grace to men with healing in his wings.” O, we must have this plant, this healing balm.

“The New Life” in the next garden is found growing *unselfish, universal love*. This plant may be easily traced to the dawn of the Christian Era, when our Savior reiterated this immortal truth: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

“Self-denial,”—what a wide field these two words embrace! Here grow the healthful sturdy plants, the real tonics in character. If these receive the right culture, they will finally cover the whole field with the rich blossoms of conscious integrity.

“Discovery,”—this title sounds as if something new had been found. Per-

chance I see it is an exotic, it proclaims the Christ method of conquering evil, thus, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

No specimen of the "touch-me-not" thrives in this garden; *au contraire*, the blossoms of humility carpet the whole extent and heart's ease, lilies of the valley gladden the eye of the casual passer-by as well as of the investigator.

Last, but not least I come in view of "Bring the Best." Here I find the superlative in degree and value is wanted, viz. a total surrender of self, a generous giving of the brightest hopes, the finest talent, the choicest fruits; in a word the best we have to God. All the choice plants indigenous to luxuriant vales of humility flourish in this garden. Shall we term them lilies of the valley or Easter lilies?

Thanking the owners of these several gardens for their liberality, I wend my way homeward satisfied that I have a selection worth setting in my own small enclosure, and from which, by careful culture, I may realize lasting benefit.

East Canterbury, N. H.

UNERRING PRINCIPLE.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

BEHIND all visible and invisible phenomena,—back of all the wheels of evolution,—below all the energies of human destiny lies a profound, unerring principle. This principle is Organization or Systematic Arrangement. It permeates and dominates every force and movement of the universe. It constitutes the Infinite mathematics of all that is. Its *modus operandi* is such as always secures the greatest good to the greatest number. Another of its sequences is that as Paul announced, "Without all contradiction, the less is blessed of the better."

Parenthood is a peculiarly bright illustration of this, and the illustration is as rife in the spiritual as the physical spheres. The fact of father and mother, son and daughter, ought to convince us all that we are in no sense of the word, independent creatures. Our origin and existence are both practical proofs of this, if we look at the subject in its true light.

Jesus said, "Swear not by your head, for you can not make one of your hairs white or black." Again, if God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, then surely we have not made ourselves, and so must have depended upon some higher source in the great mathematics of the universe for our origin. Moreover let us look at ourselves as we exist at the present moment. How can we predicate independence of ourselves, when we are so bound up in the bundle of universal life, that almost all we drink and wear, and almost all the mental and spiritual comfort we have in existence comes

from our fellow-beings, either visible or invisible. What would the existence of any one of us be worth, if that of all others was wiped out? When I think of these things and compare myself with the mighty Allness behind, beyond, below and above me, I almost wonder how such an infinitesimal speck of creation should receive any notice from God. That great principle of Organization is such, however, that I find myself blessed with a niche in the sublime systematic arrangement.

On the whole, I am glad we are all in this category of dependence;—it seems to me far better than a state of solitary isolation. I therefore can not agree with our friends the Christian Scientists, that we must be entirely independent, by virtue of what they call our individuality. Must not do anything because somebody says do it; must ignore all teaching outside of ourselves. And yet they quote Christ as saying that unless we receive the kingdom of Heaven as a little child, we shall in no wise enter therein. Does a little child set itself up as a being who by virtue of something he calls his individuality, is independent of every other man, woman, or child on the earth? I think not. He is not only wholly dependent upon his parents, but confides in them with entire trust. Furthermore, every time we speak of prayer, some say we should not beg or beseech, but rather demand of God, whatever we need. Now does a little child demand this or that of his parents in an arrogant manner? Does he not rather humbly beseech that he may have this or that? In fact the theory of each one for himself, seems to preclude all possible ideas of organization, and to depend altogether upon the isolated condition for beneficial results hoped for.

The happiest, purest, and most harmonious organization that was ever on the earth, is a Shaker Community. Obedience to its principles promotes order, purity, and equality. I do not think that there ever was or will be, a person who can become a member of the Community from religious convictions who, after a solid experience therein, will deny, that it is the very best Institution in the land for the religious, mental and temporal comfort of its members and which carries out the principle and practice of peace and goodwill to man. If we only had the Thaumaturgic element of Christ's evangel, we would be ready to go on in the approaching century with a prosperity and a glory surpassing all that has preceded us since the world began.

Union Village, Ohio.

THE MISSION OF DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

By Emma B. King.

IN Matt. x., we read that Jesus called unto him his twelve disciples, appointing to them their spiritual mission in the words, "Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom

of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received; freely give."

The disciples were men whose lives had been spent in pursuing one particular trade, and we may well think they were quite unprepared to embrace the mission of preaching the gospel, but with the command, "Go ye, and preach the gospel," came power and authority from the Christ to meet all the requirements of the mission thus placed upon them. They were to provide nothing for the journey, that they might learn dependence and trust in divine guidance, and as they walked in obedience to this guidance they possessed the Christ power against unclean spirits and to heal all manner of diseases.

At this time the disciples were not firmly established in the faith, and it seemed a word of wisdom. "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans, enter ye not." The Jews would have no dealings with either Gentile or Samaritan, such was the existing animosity between them, and this retaliation could not be approved by our Savior, whose forgiving ministration drew all men unto him.

Jesus warned his disciples that they would receive persecution, but never left them without the assurance of a comforting promise. At one time he said to them, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you, If they have kept my sayings, they will keep yours also." "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord, but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master." "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

His great concern, was lest the disciples lose the power of God by carnal reasoning and would speak less of gospel truth, fearing accusation before the courts and councils of men. "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, be ye therefore, wise as serpents and harmless as doves." But when they deliver you to finite judgment, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for that power which hath anointed thee with thy mission shall grant thee words of wisdom to speak "For it is not ye that speak but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."

What could express more plainly the work of Christ in the soul! A oneness with God and godly principles which permeate thought, word and action that others recognize not the natural ambition or selfish aspiration wrought out through natural ability, but a disciple of Christ whose life efforts are directed by the Father who dwelleth in and speaketh through the soul.

The disciples received much instruction from Jesus, but did not receive a spiritual baptism into the work until after his crucifixion. From the day of Pentecost they commenced to understand the mission of Christ. Then they became living preachers of the gospel testimony and brought many souls, both Jews and Gentiles, to righteousness.

Unto us the Savior has appeared with the simple injunction, "Follow me," "I have chosen you," I have ordained you to preach and live the Christ life.

He hath granted that we become partakers in the life of regeneration. He hath appointed to us our mission in life.

As we learn so we must teach, find conversion of soul; and as the Pentecostal blessing meets each soul become baptized with the Holy Spirit which shall enable us in love to win souls to God.

East Canterbury, N. H.

CYCLES AND MAGNETS.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

TWENTY-THREE years ago, Eldress Elizabeth Farr of Union Village, Ohio, gave to the reading public the following testimony. I retired to rest, feeling anxiety in mind as to the growth of Zion, and the prayer on my lips, O Lord, what will attract souls to Zion? What will make them accept the cross, and build up the waste places of Zion? What will bring laborers into the Lord's vineyard?

Immediately a ponderous wheel rolled up before my vision, being in perpetual motion. Each cog of the wheel appeared to represent a cycle of time within a general cycle. Attached to the axle of the wheel, and connected in groups, by fine thread-like fibers, each group in its place, was the advancement of science, art and religion. Every element and principle was represented that bears close relation to the practical affairs of life, and is necessary to the harmonious growth of intelligence.

The constant motion of the wheel, brought within the sphere of mind, some one of these which appeared to engross the general attention of mankind at a given time. Then came these words; "It is as easy to excite the religious element, as any other, when the time rolls around; and souls will as surely be attracted by the magnet of truth in religion, as in any other science."

Here was a spiritual vision which applies to our day, as really and authoritatively as any vision recorded in ancient Scripture. Intelligent minds can see proof of its verity in the character of the literature issued through a series of years, to meet the ever changing interest of the people.

It speaks of the magnet of truth in religion. Then truth is a magnet. It attracts hungering souls to whoever possesses it. This is what attracted people to Jesus and his Apostles, also to Mother Ann Lee and her co-laborers. Truth is the bread of life to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to all who seek rest and emancipation from the world, in the everlasting kingdom of God.

Truth is the eternal substance of being. However far, or however long creatures may wander in the land of shadows, enchanted by illusions of the senses and dreams of pleasure, like the prodigal in the parable, who wasted his substance in riotous living and would fain appease his hunger with the

food of swine, they will sometime come to themselves,—to a realization of the truth.

They will experience a hunger that will not be quieted with earthly riches nor pleasure, nor by any application of natural science, or art, or worldly knowledge,—but can be appeased by the truths of life eternal, given to man through specially prepared and inspired messengers of the eternal Spirit. Such as were Jesus and Mother Ann,—and such as were those who were taught by them, and obeyed instructions, and have communicated it to successors, who continue to be instructed by the same Spirit.

They who obey the truth taught by those Divine messengers, crucifying the lower self and the world within, laying down their lives in daily service for the living members of the body of Christ, are storing up truth such as will feed hungry souls in the body and out of the body. They incorporate truth of the higher life with their own being. To the worldlings, they appear narrow in aim and accomplishment. They contract their pleasures on the lower, visible and natural plane, that they may be enlarged on the higher and spiritual, and become magnets of truth, to draw all truth-seeking, God revering men and women to them, for the only bread which can save them from perishing. Even like Jesus, who said I am the way, the truth and the life. I am the bread of life. If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me. He is the magnet. How is he lifted up? By showing his example and teaching through the everlasting gospel, which is the gospel of the judgment, the gospel of the harvest and the end of the world. Because those who come into it, are thereby cut off from the life of the world, and it is brought to an end in them. And by this gospel of confessing and forsaking sin and of slaying self in mutual service, made known to us by the Holy Spirit of Truth which dwelt in Mother Ann, and her faithful successors, all souls will be finally judged, and will decide their own ultimate destiny by accepting or rejecting it.

We know this the same spirit that dwelt in Jesus because it brings forth the same fruits in all who obey it. By the fruits the tree is known, and not by any form of words or profession of belief. The doctrine is the same, plus the increase which comes of or by the redeemed other half of humanity. Jesus did not teach his disciples all truth, for the reason that it can not all be received at once, any more than a child can receive all the knowledge contained in books by the time he has learned the alphabet. Hence Jesus promised that the Spirit of Truth which the Father would send in his name, should abide with them to the age everlasting, and guide them into all truth—even to a knowledge that the second coming of Christ into human nature, would be in a woman, the Comforter. There is increase in knowledge and charity and growth of understanding, which comes to every individual by travel.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE MANIFESTO.

JULY 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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HENRY C. BLINN,
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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

May.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.		Rain.
1898.	56.	3.875 in
1899.	58.48	1.75 "
Highest Temp. during this mo. 88 above 0.		
Lowest	" "	" " 36 "
Number of rainy days	" "	" " 5
" " clear	" "	" " 11
" " cloudy	" "	" " 15

June, 1899.

THERE is but little, if anything, unusual transpiring that would be of interest to the general reader, unless it is the

extremely dry weather that prevails in this vicinity, which causes vegetation to droop. We have no tornadoes to record, such as devastate Australia, stripping forests of their leaves and branches and driving stones into the trunks of the trees.

We are pursuing the "even tenor of our ways," cultivating the crops that are to be converted into aliment for support of the human and the animal.

Some of us are growing better who were somewhat ill. For this we should be thankful. "Thanks to God for every blessing, thanks to God for what we've gained."

The project that has engaged the powers of New York State in the building of a State Road along a route where nothing but woodchucks burrow and cattle feed seems to us quite misplaced energy. Not a single dwelling is located along the whole line of the road. With the expense of half the cost of the present road, a turnpike could have been built through our village, far superior to the present shunpike. The Second and South families will be entirely deprived of its use.

Calvin G. Reed.

Second Family.

June 1899.

THE beautiful weather with which we have been lately favored has not been unimproved by us for we have—as is said of the politician or statesman who is looking after his re-election—been "mending our fences;" not only our fences but also our gates, our agricultural implements and all that, until now we think they are in prime order.

Last fall we put up a new round silo, under cover in our cow barn, 26x12 feet and filled it well with ensilage; on opening it three or four weeks ago we found the contents in excellent condition, perfect, and much relished by the cattle.

This new silo with the square one of double the capacity which we already had, gives us a large and valuable reserve of food for our cows. Our live stock, horses, cows, calves, sheep, lambs, hogs and little pigs is in splendid condition.

Our fruit trees and small fruits are coming on finely; the large variety of vegetables will more than compensate us for all the trouble they have been and will be and make us the more thankful that we are vegetarians, really, if we are not strictly so.

Our good Sisters are having most satisfactory results from the attention they have given their flower gardens; an hour or two in the mornings and evenings given to this pleasant work is beneficial to one's health and the returns made by the plants are very gratifying.

Occasionally—not very often, I am sorry to add—a Brother volunteers to assist the Sisters but then he must be very careful as his touch is not so delicate, nor his step so careful as that of the Sisters and his hoe will sometimes cut a pretty plant instead of a noxious weed; but even then, if he is so unfortunate, he is not frowned on.

Henry C. Farmer.

North Family.

June, 1890.

THE locust trees are in bloom. The bees found it out first, and should you find the North family developing a spirit of prophecy in the future, will you not attribute it to a diet of honey and wild locust? And will not a reverse of its form be also a reverse of the fate of our vegetarian of the Judean long ago? It is to be hoped so.

We are trying to keep ourselves in sympathy with the brightness if not with the greenness of our hills, but next to a flood a drouth has the most depressing effect upon the mind of a farmer, and a drouth is upon us now. So stealthy has been its approach some of us are just realizing its dreary, dusty presence. But good cheer! there is a moist prophecy in the whistle of the rising wind and for several days the thunder has been growling below the horizon.

The "Arena" comes to hand with a Japanese view of Kipling that is most delightfully daring in this day of Kipling

worship. Ah, courage is a fine thing! Indeed it is the only perfectly fine thing in existence excepting truth,—and what is truth but courage?

Sister Catherine is away among the haunts of her childhood, and we are expecting her to return to us rested and filled with new vigor to carry on with hand, heart and brain, the battles we all must wage for the right against the wrong. Sister Olive is still waiting in the "land of Beulah" for the welcome from the "City Beyond," and we all feel that keeping friends with the Shining Ones on our journey is the only way to win, like dear Sister Olive, a peaceful pause in Beulah Land. The ministry are with us. Is it necessary to say that they are here to bless?

G. Ada Brown.

South Family.

June, 1890.

JUNE, one of the rarest months of the year, dawned with brightness in its wake. Surprises new and joyous were ours the past week. Thursday morning the 8th inst. we were favored with a visit from Elder William Briggs of East Canterbury. We hope when he comes to New York state again his tarry will extend beyond the limits of a few hundred minutes.

We learn with much joy that our venerable Minister and honored Editor, Elder Henry C. Blinn, is once more only a short distance over the mountain, enjoying the invigorating atmosphere of the Berkshire hills making his summer home among his friends of the West Pittsfield Society. We shall surely see him now and trust the good Lord will spare him to earth for many days to come. Our prayers and best wishes are with him.

Sister Louisa Rice, the faithful and patient Samaritan of our family, enjoyed a few day's vacation at the West Pittsfield Community. She reported rest for body and mind and says the "Berkshire air is wonderfully invigorating and healthful."

The cold rainy days of May hindered farm labor somewhat, but the sun now shines on a thriving and prosperous Community.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

June, 1899.

LOVELY JUNE! We greet thee with thy roses, as a benefactress who teaches us that life is more than a dreary conflict of the elements with their snow and sleet; that it is also sunshine and beautiful flowers, and it is no doubt best that thou canst not always stay for we then, anticipate and appreciate your coming.

We were very pleasantly surprised a short time ago by receiving a presentation copy of "The Altheia," by Sister Aurelia G. Mace, of Sabbathday Lake, Maine. It is a compilation of essays in the form of letters illustrating the principles and precepts of our Society in a very able manner. We extend our hearty thanks to every one who, having light is willing and anxious to let it shine that others may be able to perceive the truth and render thanksgiving to the divine Spirit from which comes, as from an overflowing fountain, the power that is lifting all who receive it into higher planes of thought and action.

The International Peace Congress recently held has accomplished one object. It has given every thinking person something with which they can occupy their minds on the line of human progress, though its work has been only preliminary, casting up the highway, pointing out the obstacles to be removed therefrom that the future may attain to that condition of universal peace which we at the present time are anxious for, but as yet are unable to accomplish.

It has proved to those pioneers of advanced thought who are reaching out with a strong arm, seeking to lift the nations out of their barbarism, that all earth's rulers who sit on thrones are not lost to the truth and humanitarian principles,

nor intoxicated with the power that is given them, for a short time, to exercise. The illumination of the eastern horizon proves that there is dawning a glorious day, and we, as an organization, can render thanksgiving and praise for the increasing light.

We were one of a party of ten from the North family that attended by invitation "Children's Day" by the Verdoy Sunday School on June 11, at Verdoy, N. Y. The School was held in Lothridge hall, commencing at 2:30 p. m. The service in both song and recitation, adapted to the day and occasion, under the direction of the teachers of the school, was interesting.

Rev. C. P. Dedmire of Niskayuna addressed the School on "The Importance of Little Things in the Formation of Life's Character."

Although quite unexpected, Elder Alexander L. Work of the North family was called upon to address the School, which he did as a loving Father would address children; giving counsel to the older members to be careful and set a good example to those who were forming their characters, and to teach them lessons that the rising generation can call them blessed. Certainly the world is moving as was manifest by the character of the songs and speaking. Nothing said that was objectionable to spiritually minded persons whatever denomination they may be associated with.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

June, 1899.

WHAT a combination of melody our Notes this month would produce could we transfer the varied tones we hear around us, to paper or imitate them with the voice.

Nature's orchestra holds free concerts daily and never a false note mars its sweetness. The trees hold the flutes, and pipe notes sometimes weird, sometimes joyful, the mountains send forth minor or major chords from their deep-toned organ;

the birds with violin, guitar and banjo trill their merry lays; the bees with trumpets and insects with drums; the brooks with tinkling bells, and the breezes with tuneful harps, all perform their part in such perfect harmony, that we marvel at their skill. Their master, the sun, has kept them in such constant practice however, that we fear the long-drawn notes may merge into a chant, unless relieved by a little interlude of showers.

At present the ground is very dry, and the farmers are predicting a light hay harvest, and small crops, unless the clouds open their treasure store for us. The potatoes even, though credited with keen sight, fail to see a ray of hope and bow their tops dejectedly. Our garden, however, as usual is nobly doing its part, the result of constant coaxing and care and applications of patience and powders. Asparagus was excellent and plentiful, but now that its reign is over, other articles are succeeding in their order.

The fruit trees blossomed in fulness of promises, but now have removed their holiday attire and in work-day dress are busy at their labors, converting sunlight, moisture and earth minerals into delicious fruits. They too petition for a little essence of the clouds to insure the perfect flavor. Failing to find it in the atmosphere they send the roots down deeper and deeper, thus finding a source of supply.

Shall we apply the lesson thus taught? All the power necessary for soul growth can not be drawn from the outward helps given, but those who earnestly search, drawing closer and closer to the fountain itself, the living waters, shall there find unlimited measure.

Our school is in session with a membership of sixteen pupils. They were visited on the 6th inst. by a party of five, committee and teachers from Hancock.

Two of our buildings are renewing their youth, at least in appearance, by the application of a fresh coat of paint, and the very air surrounding them seems less

cloudy since they commenced smiling in brightness. Cheerful countenances are so contagious.

We are pleased to say that our beloved editor, Elder Henry, is with us once more. Elder William Briggs accompanied him and is making a short stay with us.

We will now touch the finale of our Notes, which is love to all our Brothers and Sisters in other homes, and an earnest wish that daily blessing be theirs.

Fidella Estabrook.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

June, 1899.

JUNE is here and the days are long and fine. No rain of much account has fallen for two months and the land is suffering for the want of it. Not even a shower condescends to stop in this section. The fruit will probably be spoiled. Hay a very light crop. As for vegetables and flowers we can only hope as to-day is dull and foggy that rain may come and save them.

Sister Aurelia's books are now ready and selling fast at a dollar apiece. The guests from Poland Springs are much pleased with them. We are glad as Sister Aurelia has taken much pains to have the work a success and books, we know will live long after the visible form of the author is consigned to dust, so we believe her's will be a testimony to prove her love to her work and her people.

We are glad to record success in the sale of our plants, as at this writing the greenhouse is cleared of all salable plants, only enough left for home use.

Not long since, Dr. Bailey, a veterinary surgeon called here to examine our herd of cows, and pronounced them free from tuberculosis. This examination was necessary as the Ricker Brothers wished to engage our cream for the summer.

We hear that Elder George Clark and three Sisters from Enfield, Conn., are on their way to our home but are stopping at Old Orchard Beach. We shall be glad to extend to them a cordial welcome.

Ada S. Cummings.

East Canterbury, N. H.

June, 1899.

HOME Notes seem so almost indirect in their communication between the inmates of our several gospel homes, that it is with pleasure we remark upon the almost tangible nearness of the mansions at West Pittsfield, Mass. and Enfield, Conn. Safely ensconced in the former, our beloved Editor is at date, and it is satisfactory through this column, though narrow, to greet him in behalf of home friends, who throng to the pen-point with loving congratulations and best wishes for a healthful sojourn. We are also especially mindful of the genial, hospitable friends who were so successful in their persuasions, and to whom we are attached by the bond which is dependent upon no human expression, yet may be manifest in every human expression. Sometime they may try the effect of *our* climate, as they have not recently done so. Someone ventures to suggest that Canterbury air is especially good in case of asthma, and we think so, too. At any rate, most of us are entirely free from the complaint, and this is no meagre testimonial.

Our kind welcome, long imprisoned in the heart waiting for action and circulation, is now upon the lip, but not till the 21st shall we have occasion to express it in the hearing of our beloved friends from Enfield, Conn. who have agreed to visit us in the name of the gospel interchange, so necessary to maintain the firm, equal pulsations toward the "exceeding righteousness," which true progress demands of our life forces.

Weather, drouth, crops, June roses and whippoorwills are prominent on the home almanac, but the Home Note rule forbids more extended mention. We and the robins must furnish the last word, however—"More wet."

Jessie Evans.

Union Village, Ohio.

June, 1899.

THE morning is pleasant, with clouds thinly covering the sky, and some signs of

showers are present. We think we have had a sufficiency of rain for the present. Strawberries are coming in fine and large, and our black and raspberry bushes are full of blossoms and promise to be abundant.

We raise to-day a stock barn at our Westlot Farm, 106x35 ft. In a few days we shall raise another at the North family 40x30 ft.

All crops at present look promising and if we could only persuade people who need salvation, to come in and partake with us of all these great blessings, and of that infinitely greater boon—the everlasting gospel;—then we should have nothing left to be desired. If we all would agree to adopt the ideas of Edward Bellamy into practical life and surrender our selfishness, and live on terms of equality, we might then hope gradually to see the beauty of the genuine Christ life. Now is an excellent time for the study and practice of that "patience of the saints" spoken of by the inspired Seer of Patmos. Nothing is more necessary for Believers, than the exercise and continual practice of patience.

Our health is very good and this reminds me that we neglected to send to THE MANIFESTO, an obituary of our brother, Henry Tobin, who deceased July 9, 1897. Age 81 years, 9 mo. and 13 days. He had lived in the Church family about 20 years. Faithful in duty, orderly in conduct and an excellent miller.

We try to abound in charity, but we find it at the expense of no little self-abnegation. May we abound still more in this first of all spiritual gifts. We also abound in many beautiful flowers and flowering shrubs, which look splendid at this time of year and seem to indicate that we are determined not to have "All cross and no glory." We love to read the Home Notes of all the Shakers, east, west, north and south.

O. C. Hampton.

WISDOM is often concealed under a threadbare garment.

THE FOOD WE EAT.

No. 5.

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

There are races now in Australia (1898) who live on snakes, lizards, worms and anything living which comes within the grasp of these ugly looking creatures.

"Chinamen eat the chrysalis of the silk worm, and feast on cats, dogs, wharf rats, sea slugs, sharks, bats and caterpillar soup."

"The Indians of Florida eat horses, dogs, foxes, cats, skunks, crocodiles, hawks, crows and buzzards."

"Indians on the Rocky Mountains eat a dog stew."

"The Esquimaux eat putrid flesh of seals, putrid whale's flesh, reindeer chyle, brain oil and unhatched eggs."

Of course, the most of this is the food of the uncivilized races, but in many respects it comes quite near to those who have the honor of being civilized. By a close investigation we may now find that the highly civilized and Christianized nations of Europe and America are quite like our savage neighbors in the preparation of their food.

Professor Mussey thinks the command to eat every living thing was given because man transgressed in regard to the first law, which was to eat of the fruit and of herbs. Believers in the inspiration of the Bible should make a note of this, and make straight their crooked ways.

If the food that we eat to sustain life has anything to do with the ruling of our mind or body, and a large class of intelligent people, to-day, entertain that thought it becomes highly important, especially for those of the Christian faith to examine the subject with great care. As we study the order of food, of some of the savage nations, so repellent to our mind we invariably remark,—That, is pretty low in the scale of humanity. And then if we should reflect, how trifling the ascendancy of the ace has been in the past 4000 years, we

may well conclude that the millennium will still be in the far distant future.

We copy from an article in "The Temple of Health." Men grow to be like what they feed on. We are told of a man in Cohoe's who to show bravo caught and ate a mouse. His comrades were shocked. But why, why worse to catch and eat a mouse than to catch and eat a pig? In the eyes of an Israelite the latter would be far the more disgusting! No gastric strainer nor digestive net-work is sufficiently potent to transform putridity to purity. What a sight to see a family of Christians boasting of progress,—singing of the "tree of Life," and talking about angel's food, sit at a table and devour diseased meat."

While we may think it is very singular and even vulgar that uncivilized races should eat nearly all that may be taken from the body of an elephant, the Christians can eat, with a peculiar relish, almost all that is taken from the inside of the scrofulous swine. Indeed, the swine although refused by Moses as unclean and wholly unfit for food, is more carefully saved than almost any other animal.

"No other kind of food is so largely used as is pork in its various forms of preparation. In the western states, pork and potatoes constitute the most substantial portion of the farmer's bill of fare. Pork is considered such a delicacy that not a particle should be wasted. The fat and lean portions are eaten fresh, or carefully preserved by salting or smoking or both. The tail is roasted, the snout, ears and feet are pickled and eaten as souse; the intestines and lungs are eaten or made into sausages; black pudding is made of the blood; the liver, spleen and kidneys are also prized; the pancreas and other glands are considered great delicacies, while even the skin is made into jelly."

And more modern ingenuity has even utilized the digestive ferment of the gastric juice, to mix with the wonderful chewing gum that has such a fabulous sale. A piece of taffy and some juice

from a pig's stomach, must be a nice article to have in the mouth!! What next?

"In fact nothing is left of the beast but the bristles, which the shoemaker claims. The terms scrofula and measles are so intimately connected with the raising of swine, that they become familiar to every school boy. Many who eat the swine hold in contempt the Frenchman who eats a horse, or the Chinaman who eats a dog. The trichina which develops in swine's flesh produce in man an incurable disease."

Oysters and clams are eaten as a rarity, and the American thinks it nice to eat the whole creature as it comes from the shell. In this the Americans and Patagonians and Fuegians have corresponding tastes. The one eats his oysters and clams without removing any of the refuse, and the others eat their crabs and turtles in the same way.

The English and Americans eat shrimps just as they are taken from the sea, with a sprinkling of salt, the same as the Arabs eat their grasshoppers. Then the Americans eat the little crabs that are found among the oysters, without removing even the shell, chewing and swallowing them with as much relish as do the Patagonians. Herrings are smoked when taken from the sea and then eaten, while sardines are packed in oil and eaten without removing any of the inner parts.

Turkeys are fastened to a board and forced to eat till they become diseased and their livers are swollen to an enormous size, when these are eaten by the epicures of the most civilized and Christianized of nations. Like the savages of Africa we make puddings of bullock's blood and extol them as choice articles of food. Tons of edible snails are brought to the United States every year and served as a delicacy to the highly civilized class.

We also have "clay eaters" right in our midst, who will eat a ball of clay from the size of a pea to one of three or four inches in diameter. The chewing, smoking and snuffing of tobacco is common among the men, women and children.

Snakes and eels are eaten in some civilized countries, and served to travelers by inquiring whether they preferred the "eel of the ditch or the eel of the hedge." The fishermen of Tangiers call everything fish that comes to the net. Limpets, snails, muscles, horseshoe crabs, toad fish, sea anemones, as well as the fish better known to other nations, and these are all bought and eaten.—*Donahoe's Magazine*.

While there may be great need of advancement in regard to the selection of our food, for the general health and for the comfort of the individual, it should be also, through the growth of intelligent minds. There are not only individuals, but also nations who thrive on a diet excluding the flesh of all animals, and there are nations who rarely eat anything except the flesh of wild and domesticated creatures.

The advice given by the apostle to his brethren, may prove profitable even in this case. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." The health and happiness of the individual becomes of the first importance, even though as a matter of taste, other things may have a great influence.

East Canterbury, N. H.

DUTY is ours; results, God's.

SINCERITY is the parent of truth.

Deaths.

Willia Bruce, at Shaker Station, Conn. May 1, 1890. Age 13 years and 2 months.

Death is often a welcome visitor to the old and infirm, but it is sad to see blight and decay fasten upon the young.

L. S. B.

Charles Massie, at Union Village, Ohio. March 24, 1890. Age 79 years, 11 months and 5 days.

He was for some years acting Trustee and Deacon of the Center and South families. True to the trusts confided to him he was respected by all. O. C. H.

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THE MANIFESTO.

an illustrated article on "A Boys' Underground Club House." Two pages of photographs show "Where Our Presidents are Buried;" other picture "Children's Day in the Church," "Picturesque Bits of Gardens," etc. Mrs. S. T. Rorer teaches "The A. B. C. of Ice Cream Making," and gives menus for outdoor gatherings. "The Journal's Prize Model House" is shown, with others built from plans previously published. There are numerous practical articles on woman's work and woman's wear. By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE for July, 1899 is full of matter especially interesting to the reading public. Articles upon Charles Neufeld's "Twelve Year's Captivity in Chains in Omdurman," "Saved from Hydrophobia" by E. H. Julian add the history of the Ruskin Co-operative Socialistic Colony are alone sufficient to recommend the last current number. Price 10 cents. \$1.20 a year. The International News Co. 84 and 85 Duane St.

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